

Fashions



HER PAGE



Household



Problems

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

BY JEAN NEWTON

"LETTING IT GO"
This just can't be it," she moaned, as the tissue paper revealed the yellowed and split remnants of what had been a gorgeous satin brocade.

"Why, it was only yesterday—well, yesterday," she said, looking at the wedding dress—it is almost five years!

For five years the beautiful thing had been lying there—unused. She had thought about it at times, had wanted to use it—but always it did not seem to fit in and she had let it go—and time had passed. And it had fallen apart.

And as she continued to mourn over her waste it brought to mind other things much more important to her happiness that fall apart because we let them go.

There are the thoughts, the good thoughts, the precious, kind intentions with which time is as merciless as with the yellowed and frayed bit of silk.

The books we thought we would read—have we? Our little five foot shelf was to make up for the advantages that had been denied us. But winter-times we waited for vacation pleasures, and summer thought we would start in the fall. And the little five foot shelf that was to take us out from the narrow alley on to the broad plateau remains scattered. For we let it go and years passed.

And the things we thought to do—the studies, the interests we thought would enrich our day-to-day life and make it more worth while. Perhaps

when you married you thought to continue your music. You halted with joy the prospect of leisure which would enable you to make out of the sacrifices and drudgery of years a finished accomplishment. But first the homemaker and then the mother superseded the musician. You might have been both—an hour or so a day would have done it. But you just didn't get started—you let it go. And the years passed.

You thought to have no children. To John the thought of a little girl like you—and to you the vision of another John growing up from babyhood—was too wonderful for contemplation. But you waited. You did not in the beginning want an intrusion on your care-free, all-to-each-other existence. Then along came harder times. "Help" was a luxury. You looked with horror upon the constant sacrifice and drudgery attending the care of a baby. But you hoped and waited. And the years have passed.

And the minor ailments that have become chronic—little self-attention at their first sign—a little vigorous and painstaking self-care, and you would today be hale and strong—but you let things go—and the years have passed.

Time is a great healer, but it is a wily scoundrel. And as we grow older and wiser it steals our illusions, steals our self-deceptions, punishes ruthlessly for "letting things go"—even as it yellowed and split the beautiful bit of silk brocade.

ASKS CITY TO PAY FOR PANTS
Wilmington, Del.—"What is the city of Wilmington going to do about my pants?" is the query put to Mayor Taylor by an indignant citizen whose trousers were profaned by a large bulldog with strong teeth. The writer declares he was unable to find the owner of the dog, which disappeared after tearing a segment out of his \$35 suit.

and adds:
"It appears to me that justice requires in a city that no one shall trespass on my rights or harbor animals that shall violate my rights. Now the city of Wilmington licenses dogs, or their owners keep them, and I want to know what the city of Wilmington is going to do about my pants?"—Philadelphia Record.

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Panels and Ruffles
For Young Miss

BY CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority
NEW YORK—Miss Sixteen-to-Twenty will admire this frock immensely because it is simple and yet quite grown-up looking.

"Panels are particularly dignified," says Helen Hayes, the Miss Seventeen of "Bab" at the Park theater, "because they emphasize lines, and ruffles are always youthful, so how could any dress be more appropriate for Seventeen than one that combines panels and ruffles?"

So this gown, which is of crepe, has a gathered panel banded with braid embroidery down front and back and panels comprising a whole series of three-inch ruffles at each side.

A bodice with three-quarter length sleeves put onto a separate lining is slightly opened over a tiny tucker.

Cast iron cannon were not known until the latter half of the fifteenth century.

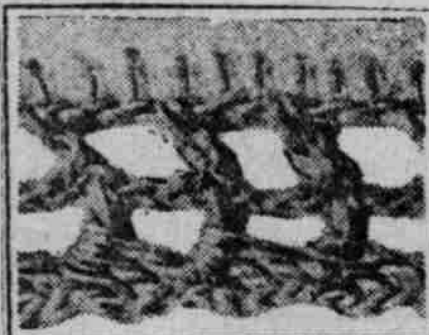
The first locomotive with steel springs was built in England 100 years ago.

Large numbers of American sewing machines are being sold in Manchuria on the installment plan.

Lace Patterns
A New Design
Every Week

Chain Stitch—The thread drawn through the loop.
Open Mesh—A double crochet into a chain or the material, two chain stitches and a double crochet.

Closed Mesh—Four double crochet stitches into a chain or material.
Turn—Five chain stitches to turn. If your pattern called for 16 stitches, chain 21 and double crochet into the seventh stitch from the needle.



Shell Edging
This lace can be made directly on the material to be edged, or can be made and then attached.
To make it on the material single crochet into the material completely across, or around the article to be edged.

Second Row—Make a row of open meshes.

Third Row—Double crochet into the second double crochet, finishing the first mesh—then double crochet 3 times into the "V" thus made. Double crochet into the third double crochet, or the double crochet stitch finishing the second mesh, then double crochet 3 times into the space thus made.

Do not crochet into the first row of meshes, except the first double crochet, which makes a "V."

To make this edge and then attach it, make a chain the required length and crochet into the chain just as you do into the row of single crochet stitches, as explained above. This lace makes a lovely edge for handkerchiefs, and can be used with or without the row of open meshes.

Smart Wrap Combines
Fur With Velvets

BY CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority

NEW YORK—This fascinating combination of moleskin, fur and erabroidery is but one of several interesting adaptations offered this season—real skin and a deep, rich old blue velvet, for instance, squirrel with gray silk duvetyn, and the tracery done in tanned gold, if you please, or black velvet and fox.

However, very distinctly a first choice would be the coat-wrap as it is in the original, as soft and pliable as if it were made entirely of chiffon velvet and as warm and cozy as if it were entirely of fur.

INVENTORY

By Edmund Vance Cooke
Inventory! which thus commences:—
I have my senses and I have my senses,
I have my hands and health;
I have my home, be it high or lowly,
I have my coat, be it whole or holey,
And I have my family wealth.

The family wealth? Why, what a question!
The wife and cubs, and a good digestion,
And a keen, clean appetite;
A song in the heart and a chance to sing it,
A jig in the hoof and the grace to fling it,
And a snoreless sleep at night.

What more? Why, haven't I listed plenty?
But add me a friend—or two—or twenty,
And each one worth the frending;
A nook in my heart to be still and sad in,
And a faith in the final ending.

FASHION NOTES

In some of the silk lingerie now shown, there is very effective cutwork, mainly done by hand. Much of the French lingerie shows hemstitching as the only trimming. Flannel or two-toned ribbon is the favorite for trimming.

Youthful and Simple
Frock of Flannel

BY CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority

NEW YORK—Here is another of those good looking flannel frocks, so very comfortable to wear. Alma Tell vouches for that fact. She wears one in "When We Were Young" at the Broadhurst Theater.

It is a checked flannel, dark and light buff with a thread or two of blue, and the acme of simplicity.

The straight, full skirt has its two square pockets banded with plain buff-toned flannel, then the flat collar and the sleeve bands are similarly of the plain flannel while the sash is of the checked material with only a narrow binding of the plain along its edges.

The model is, plainly, just as suitable for any of the pretty percolates and is a practical suggestion for next summer's outfit.

ADVENTURES
OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton



THE SHADOW

Santa Claus was telling Nancy and Nick how they could tell when the wicked wizard, who called himself the Bobadil Jinn, was near. They were about to start on their journey to the South Pole to break up the power of the Blue Santa Claus who wasn't a Santa Claus any more than I am, but who was pretending so hard that folks were beginning to believe in him.

"Whenever wicked old Bobadil Jinn is near," warned Santa Claus, "you'll know him; because no matter what he looks like, he'll be a spotted cow or a snow-ball that he's made himself into, you'll smell hyacinth perfume. He just loves hyacinth perfume and douses it all over himself. It's queer that he chose such a nice smell when he's so very ugly, but you never can tell about people. Rattlesnakes smell of cucumbers, which is more like it, for who likes either snakes or cucumbers, but this silly old Jinn, so wicked 'n' all, you'd think—But there! You'll have to be off to bed, kiddies, so you may leave first thing in the morning."



A figure, thin and tall, crept across the great room where the twins were sleeping.

Santa showed them two dear little beds in the corner of his great room, on which were laid soft fleecy nighties that looked as though they had been made out of the Milky Way. I'm about sure they were, too, and full of dreams, for no sooner were two little heads on the pillows, with the flames from Santa's great fire throwing cozy shadows all about them, than they were off to Dreamland.

GRATEFUL SAMMY

Little Sammy was generally at loggerheads with his father, who had a disagreeable habit of using his razor strap in a way that was not in accordance with Sammy's views.

One morning, after the razor strap had been more than usually busy, Sammy's mother went out into the field to look for her much stropped child.

To her intense astonishment she found him fondling a huge goat, for

which he usually professed a deep hatred.

"Why, Sammy, darling, it is nice to see you being so kind to poor Billy. Why are you being so gentle with him today?"

Over Sammy's face came a look of unspeakable gratitude as he gave the wondering goat another carrot.

"He baited father into the pond this morning," murmured the dear little chap, patting his four-footed friend affectionately.

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